

## Irvington Milling COMPANY.

Merchant and Custom Millers,  
Grain Dealers and Manufacturers

of the

HIGHEST GRADES



Roller Process

FLOUR

Roller Process

Corn Meal

Bran, Shipstuff and

FEED.

Ample capital, the best quality  
of grain and modern machinery,  
skillfully handled enable us to pro-  
duce results unsurpassed.

Orders promptly filled and care-  
ful attention given to

CUSTOM WORK.

For any further information call

on or address the

IRVINGTON MILLING

COMPANY.

IRVINGTON, KY.

READ

THE

GOOD

NEWS

GREAT

MARK

DOWN

SALE

AT

GEO. YEAKEL & CO'S

Throughout our entire establishment,

in view of the fact that we have just

closed one of the most successful years

in our existence, we have determined to

make a clean sweep of what remains of

Woolen Goods

of all description.

Those who are not in immediate need

will do well to purchase for the future.

Men's Suits for \$1.75, worth \$2.75

One lot of Men's and Boys' Suits

worth \$1.50 to \$2.50, going at \$1.00

One lot of Ladies' Shoes worth \$1.25

to \$1.75, going for .70c.

Men's Overcoats for \$12.00, worth \$18.00

to \$2.00, going at .90c.

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## A Dream.

A dream I had, yea three nights ago,

A dream, that meant a thrill and a glow

A dream, oh, yea, was only a dream,

With things were always what they seem.

I stood with my hands over my eyes,

And they shut out the light from the sky.

For I was very far from gloom, and

And all my thoughts were tinged with gloom.

As then I stood in reverie, lo!

One drew near to where I was;

My hands I took from off my eyes,

And a maiden I beheld to my surprise.

My face told her my thoughts were true,

Her sympathy strove to make me glad.

For did she in the effort live,

Her sympathy strove to make me glad.

One thing she wished to say,

She told me her heart was sweet;

To this set the blue-eyed maiden fair,

Why had my forehead with her hair?

Was it she drew to me no near?

She had nothing I knew to fear,

As she had something to say to me;

She said she wished to know me better,

That she wished no other to know me better.

What was it that she had to tell?

As her snow-white brow against mine fell?

Was it something to cause the heart to

beat,

And quiver like an arrow to the bow?

Was it something that would tell

the blood in my veins and make it still?

For her brown hair, it touched my forehead,

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to lean upon I should not have lost force

to climb and begin. Such a merry heart

as there make the whole world glow

with merriment, but hearty.

Alas! Jerry Dewitt came to report.

He told the boys were safely in his

father's barn.

"The morning's sleep," said Jerry, "has

been a sleep with dreamy, and I have

dreamed in vision something in short lines

at the beginning with big letters—poetry

perhaps. He has the great scholar's

plans were again discussed and

considered.

"Well," said Jerry, "at dusk I have

my men and father's rat for the

prisoner to stretch down at the fork

of the road wait for my rat. Nothing

can stop me now but one thing."

"And that?" asked the major.

"Is Lady Brotherton. If she

appears anything before we're ready

to go it will be all up with us—hal-

low round our necks and all up among

the acorns."

"So Jerry, still 'till the lord chanc-

celler," and yet him as a snake in the

grass, took his departure.

He began to feel his way

to the place where he had been

looking for the chestnut tree where

Abby had been.

"If I could only get those ugly fel-

low into shape," he thought, "I could

give them and choke them down. I

must do something or I shall go mad.

believe I'll sail round through the

woods to where I can see old Abby's

house and the chestnut tree where

Abby had been.

"The chestnut tree where Abby had

been," he thought, "I could give them

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fool complexion. His lowly atten-

tions brought out a blush on her cheeks.

That fair glow seemed to make the old

bars glow and all the haymow bloom

with fresh heads of pink clover.

Poor Jerry Dewitt recalled how there

were some smiles as yet and smiles

between him and a damsel as

beaten.

Poor fellow his dinner did him no

good. He grew madder and madder.

The little scene with his sister and

Handsome had made him miserable.

He could not sleep in Van Wart, nor

play cards with Galsworthy nor

look at the moon and the stars and

his sorrow. His powers of self

control were weakened. He could not

throw off the weight of an old letter

press. A great vague misery oppressed

him. He began to feel his way

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